

ought implies can and i cannot

Milo

Getting away from being pretty much away from it all
I'm reading Anis Mojgani poems in the bathroom stall
Someone can see my ankles
Keen eye for the sadness, pangs bro
I keep thinking of internet lovers trousers
Felt good like snow days when the driveway is plowed first
Let's promise each other Jefferson City Square Deals
And when friends come over we'll only cook fair trade meals
Unbutton the front of your shirt like Bob Fossil
I'm staring in the mirror for too long like Bob Rocksalt
Except Bob Rocksalt is a linguistic construct
The linguine's all fucked and it's my fault this time
David Lipsky can't write like this
When he bundles up his fingers it's a bright white fist
And he gets NPR reviews that say he just might exist
I'm jealous, subset of envy
Staring at his food while my plate has plenty

If I was a necromancer I would bring back Foster Wallace
If I was a necromancer I would bring back my friend Robert
If I was a necromancer I would bring back Schopenhauer
If I was a necromancer I wouldn't be a fucking coward

I feel like Darius Rucker in a post-op world
Made myself an egg sandwich on the bread with the swirl
When I played basketball I couldn't never make a free throw
My step-sister cries out "Oh Bendito"
And I feel naked underneath this peacoat
They said I blew it and my forehead vein became prominent like
Daniel Day Lewis
There will be blood and my veins are full of mud
And I'm counting down the days till the flood
Don't think I've seen her in a day
In the litany of ways I feel like Ian Mackaye
Indeed, I make a so-so lover
Regardless, I'm still the prince of cocoa butter